

WAGON WHEEL

777

By BOB DYLAN AND KETCH SECOR



C **G**
Heading down south to the land of the pines,
Am **F**
I'm thumbing my way into North Caroline,
C **G** **F** **F**
Staring up the road, and pray to God I see headlights.
C **G**
I made it down the coast in seventeen hours,
Am **F**
Picking me a bouquet of dogwood flowers,
C **G** **F** **F**
And I'm a-hopin' for Raleigh, so I can see my baby tonight.

C **G** **Am** **F**
So rock me momma like a wagon wheel, rock me momma any way you feel,
C **G** **F** **F**
Hey, momma rock me,
C **G** **Am** **F**
Rock me momma like the wind and the rain, rock me momma like a south bound train,
C **G** **F** **F** (end on:) **C**
Hey, momma rock me.

C **G**
Running from the cold, up in New England,
Am **F**
I was born to be a fiddler in an old time string band,
C **G** **F** **F**
My baby plays a guitar, I pick a banjo now.
C **G**
Oh, north country winters keep a-getting me down,
Am **F**
I lost my money playing poker so I had to leave town,
C **G** **F** **F**
But I ain't turning back to living that old life no more. **CHORUS**

C **G**
Walkin' to the south, out of Roanoke,
Am **F**
I caught a trucker out of Philly, had a nice long toke,
C **G** **F**
But he's a heading west from the Cumberland gap, to Johnson City, Tennessee.
C **G**
And I gotta get a move on, before the sun,
Am **F**
I hear my baby calling my name and I know that she's the only one,
C **G** **F** **F**
And if I die in Raleigh, at least I will die free. **CHORUS**

